Until the Real Thing Comes Along

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Until the Real Thing Comes Along

by orphan_account, whiskeyandspite

Summary

Tonight, Will is in synchronization with it, the music hums his nerves alive, galloping and sharp. It is not Wagner, which he might have appreciated today, but it is Mozart, and it is apt. He leaves pleased, after watching Don Giovanni fail to recant his sins even when the depths of hell reached up to claim him.

And then he returns to face his own animate statue, finding his father's accountant asleep politely where he belongs, within the guest bedroom.

More Reverse Nice-Work. Will claims his conquest, blissfully unaware of the hole he's digging himself into.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The opera ends with fewer bodies on the floor than Will Graham is used to with this particular form of entertainment. He has cultivated this taste, come to enjoy sitting nearly directly over the stage in his father's box, with no one crowding him. The music requires a certain mentality, he finds. There are moments when it resonates, two lights blinking at intervals slowly lining up for two or three repetitions, before they fall out of synch again.

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And then he returns to face his own animate statue, finding his father's accountant asleep politely where he belongs, within the guest bedroom.

The features are soft in sleep, relaxed, unafraid. Rest for the wicked, he allows, leaning down to pull his shoes from his feet and wondering how close he can get on his socks before the other wakes.

The guest bedroom is lavish, elegantly appointed in heavy reds and chocolate browns, but the curtains have been drawn back to the sheers to let in the moonlight.

Will is nearly on top of the bed when Hannibal's eyes open, when his fingers tense in the sheets drawn up to his chest in warning. Will notices he is wearing pajamas, and it seems so tame and bland he could laugh, if it didn't seem quite so deliberately vulnerable.

It makes Will smile.

"Well, I wasn't late." He says, tone low, underlined with deep amusement. "Though it was a close thing, with your inability to follow instruction."

His voice implies he will take the time to make sure the misbehavior is not repeated.

Hannibal says nothing, watches the lithe body shift under the suit, eyes up to Will's at his words before returning to his study. That, at least, he doesn't have to pretend to enjoy. Watching this dangerous creature had become a hobby as well as a habit. He lies still a moment longer before pushing himself up on his elbows.

"It was your wish that I go slowly." He murmurs, watching Will's expression twitch between amusement and displeasure before amusement wins.
For a long moment, Will allows the statement to stand, feeling the corner of his mouth pull up not quite voluntarily.

“My father has always given me everything I wished,” he tells Hannibal, stepping closer still, drawing up alongside the bed to hold the advantage he can in height. The sight of Hannibal looking up at him, drinking the lines he cuts in his suit and opera scarf in with a thirsty eye, appeals to Will.

“Shouldn’t it be your job to suggest I sometimes should endure without?” Will reaches out and presses down on Hannibal’s chest, rendering him supine and disadvantaged, low enough that Will can mount himself over the man’s chest. He settles quickly, before there is protest, and his knees sink deep into the soft mattress.

He spares the man none of his weight, leaving one hand on his chest and the other he uses to brace behind himself, fingers splayed low on the sheets that cover Hannibal’s belly, as if seeking.

"You should endure without." Hannibal says, obedient in the rhetorical instructions, contented for the moment to lie still as Will presses against him.

There’s something strangely satisfying about having the young man on top of him, willingly. It’s easy enough to pretend that the power dynamic is not backwards, doesn't lay with Will, smirking and slipping his hands further down Hannibal’s body as he keeps his eyes resolutely on Hannibal.

"Endurance builds character." He adds, allowing one hand to settle against Will’s thigh, to feel the heat of his skin through the expensive fabric.

Well tailored, the fabric conforms to the tensed rounding of muscle and flesh beneath, leaving Hannibal struggling not to consider the netted rounds of beef ready for searing in the oven in comparison. It was unlikely to be appropriate, even to indulge in private fantasy.

He traces the line of the seam at the side, finding the tightness of fabric at the knee, the soft space beneath, and he tucks two fingers in against the pressure point hidden within that hollow, only stroking lightly with them now.

“I’m not interested in character,” Will answers, tipping his chin up at an angle, watching the direction of Hannibal’s eyes change to linger on the vulnerability of his throat. The light catches his teeth before he passes his tongue over them, a hungry sweeping motion.

“You should be,” Hannibal suggests. “Men of character are those who get what they want.”

Will does not suggest the duality of that statement, does not correct that that must mean he already has it, since it is already his custom to acquire what he sets his eyes on with desire. Instead, he presses down on Hannibal’s belly until it no longer readily gives, his fingers just above the pelvic bone, and waits to see if the other will protest.

Leaning down, Will speaks low, his tone pitched for only one other. “I’m going to get what I want, Hannibal. Will you make me order you?”

Hannibal lies still, slows his breathing to no longer shift the hand against his stomach. He watches.

Will is hungry, his eyes dark with it and lips titled with expectation. He supposes, in fairness, that the boy will get exactly what he wants today simply because it aligns with Hannibal’s desires for the moment. As soon as that changes, he wonders if Will would reconsider his stance on character.

“Will I?” he asks in response, voice low and soft to fit the space properly, though no one is in the apartment but them, no one to hear even if they were yelling.

He allows his mind to rest on the image of the boy above him suddenly beneath him, those lips parted in pleasure, body taut with need and struggle.

“What will you order me to do, Will,” he adds softly, “If I make you do it?”

The spark of interest ignites in Will's eyes, rising in intensity as Hannibal properly fans the little flame, speaking the name aloud. It holds the boy's attention as he shifts his hips deliberately over Hannibal's in an intimacy of hip bones while he considers.

Will takes his time forming his thoughts, envisioning the result of each theoretical request in his mind, perhaps, or simply finding the taste of what he wanted and expanding it, until it comes alive in the back of his mind.

His tongue passes over his lower lip, a hungry, wet swipe preparatory to speaking, and he leans down so that Hannibal is transfixed by the shapes Will's mouth makes as he pronounces his decision, a prince at court.

"Open your mouth, Hannibal," he says, clearly, sitting straighter and reaching down to pass his palm over the front of his own pants, hooking his thumb just behind his own button, and twisting. For now, he is just toying. "You proved so able with it before."

Pressing the fingers of his other hand against Hannibal's lower lip when the other does not immediately comply, Will pulls Hannibal's bowed, full lower lip down over his teeth, his eyes watching the slide attentively, heatedly.

"You're going to take me in your mouth, as slowly and painstakingly as you do all my father's busywork, only this..." Will trails, angling his thumb at the first knuckle so he can run the nail over the perfect, pearlescent curves of Hannibal's front teeth. "You'll enjoy, won't you?"

Hannibal considers, watches, feels his body respond to the words as they sink beneath his skin.

He has thought, many times, of taking that clever smirk away in just this way - spreading these thighs wide across his desk and burying his face between them. He has thought of the soft shudders, the gentle sounds that particular activity would draw from so put together a subject.

Without warning his teeth part to take Will’s thumb between them, a gentle bite but enough to have Will's eyes widen, his heart rate pick up where Hannibal can feel it strong beneath his fingers.

"I enjoy all my work." He responds, clicking the 'k' deliberately, before gently closing his teeth and sucking on the digit instead, eyes up.

Will attends his mouth, the motions of his throat with careful eyes. He does not leave his thumb still within Hannibal's mouth either, pressing it against the working tongue to feel the

curve and dexterity of the muscle. The print of his thumb is surprisingly rough to Hannibal's taste, with far more work in it than he would have guessed. He eases his tongue against the callous, both the tip and the flat, and watches the changes effect themselves in Will's eyes.

"Isn't that something to say," Will answers him, pinning his tongue at last beneath his thumb, his other fingers curled beneath Hannibal's chin to draw his mouth open with pressure - enough to leave a hint. He peers into the depths as if fascinated by the pink wetness, by the contrast of his own thumb against Hannibal's pink, obedient tongue. "To someone who knows what you're really working to achieve?"

Sitting back, Will traces a line of saliva with his wet thumb down over the point of Hannibal's chin, and beneath, before he finally makes good on the promise of undoing his own button. The zipper fly follows, and he folds the two corners of dark fabric aside to reveal the deep grey silk of his boxers, expensive and soft over his growing erection.

His thumb leaves a wet spot, darker, on the silk when he touches himself, and then he shifts forward, seeming not to mind that he puts Hannibal at a distinct disadvantage with the angle and position, and waits expectantly, his smile pleased with himself as he settles higher on Hannibal's chest, his weight just over the man's pectorals, just barely in reach of his mouth if the man stretches.

"Enjoy your work, then," Will orders.

Spoilt, Hannibal thinks, *demanding, petulant.*

And yet he has to wonder, at himself, at having this boy as the star of the darker of his fantasies for the last however long.

He bends forward, obedient, and draws dry lips over the fabric, breathes in the warm distinct muskiness of him as Will sits poised. Still a temptation in itself, though now much closer within reach than the elusive thing of before.

He’s rewarded with a pleased exhale, knows that if he looks up Will would be smiling, lips drawn back over white, even teeth. How he would enjoy teaching that boy the meaning of obedience. How he would enjoy reversing them as they are, watching Will’s lips part instead, a frown marring his features at being made, for a change, to do something.

But this is enough, knowing he will have his lips part regardless. Hannibal opens his mouth wider and presses wet heat against the fabric until the dark dampness spreads, until he can rub his tongue over the silk and feel the hot skin beneath. A hand snares in his hair in demanding impatience and he ignores it, continues the teasing, before finally the twisting grows painful and he relents.

He relishes the sigh, the slow exhale and instant roll of hips forward that he has to tilt his head to accommodate. The position is awkward, will grow painful, and he knows Will knows that. Knows it was arranged specifically to play out another power fantasy in the boy’s head.

No matter.

He hooks his hands against the top of Will's hips and holds him still, tongue drawing slow patterns against the skin as he sucks him deeper, pulls back.

Will interposes a hand down, hooking his thumb into Hannibal's mouth to tug the last of the fabric out of the way without letting him retreat an inch, drawing his own length through the fly of the boxers so Hannibal can give it proper attention.

He tugs lightly at the corner of Hannibal's mouth before he withdraws his hand, watching the man's mouth stretch around his cock and the pulling finger with clear pleasure at the realization of a fantasy he has been holding for longer than he perhaps should have.

While his hips are pinned by Hannibal's strong hands, he still has his anchor on the man's hair, enjoying making a mess of it between tightly held fingers, speeding the pace just enough to assure himself he has control enough to do so.

"Oh yes," he breathes, approving, watching the man's mouth work, watching his neck flex into the difficult angle, the way his muscles seem to strain and slowly grow tired. "I think you were made for this, Hannibal. Should I let you up?"

Will considers, the question more to himself by the way he does not relent his hold but instead urges Hannibal to take him deeper still, uncaring of the difficult angle, his thoughts only alive with the pleasure of the fact that he could force that much control over something of his father's.

He tilts his head back, his body a long, pleasured line as his hips flex in Hannibal's grip, promising they would be doing more if the other wasn't holding him, his hand pulling in slow tides of opposition, and he gasps out a long sigh, continuing rhetorically with his voice aimed skyward.

"Would you make it worth my while?"

Hannibal hums, pleased with the way Will's body tenses with the sensation, though his demanding grip doesn't relent. Without a word he draws his teeth lightly over the sensitive skin, hears the curse leave Will in a quick huff of air before his head drops forward, an expression caught between anger and pleasure when Hannibal does it again and draws Will's lips back over his teeth.

Would certainly make it worth your while, he thinks, *if you had the patience to appreciate it.*

He directs his eyes up, for the moment still obedient, submissive, demure.

Boring, boring, boring.

He allows himself to enjoy the way Will's lips curve in pleasure, wonders if the boy even knows he's doing it. It's a strangely genuine response.

One last insistent roll of his hips is Will's final answer on the subject, accompanied by a groan of desire, deep in his chest, before finally the pressure in Hannibal's hair relents, then reverses. His weight rolls back off of Hannibal's chest and he withdraws, taking his time to

enjoy the slide of sensitive flesh over lips, to enjoy the sight of Hannibal left with his mouth open while he takes air in.

Will swings off the bed, as one might dismount a horse, looking smug, leaning down to press his own mouth against Hannibal's before the other can fully close it again, as if he could taste his own flesh on the man's tongue. When he pulls away, he closes his teeth on Hannibal's lower lip and pulls - just a little, just enough to pinch in retribution for the man's display of teeth.

"Do you wear pajamas at home?" he asks, his tone shy of leering only faintly. "Or is that concession to the modesty of my father's house?"

Punctuating his words is a lewd twist of his hips, as he frees himself from the confines of his pants entirely, before lifting his hands to undo the links through his cuffs on opposite sleeves, watching Hannibal, showing his teeth further.

"That's an invitation to divest yourself of them."

Wait. Hannibal's mind offers, *patience has its rewards.*

"Not an order?" He asks instead, but he does move to obey, not as showy as Will is being with his body, lithe and young and tempting in its paleness, but enough to make 'modesty' untrue.

He is finished before Will, and allows himself the pleasure of looking. Of taking in the slim hips and stomach, muscles visible but untrained, unworked. He supposes the most exercise the boy gets is with his conquests.

But there is something very pleasing about him, beyond the obvious factors Will proudly shows. He is utterly innocent in his inexperience, naive and certain he is knowledgeable.

That body has not seen it's limits.

Hannibal draws his teeth against the inside of his lip, pulls the skin there before letting go with a sigh.

"Sigh no more," Will apes, shifting his shoulders in lithe, catlike motions to be free of his vest, which he leaves disorderly on the floor, joined shortly by his shirt. He continues his bastardized Shakespeare in a dropped tone, a purr nearly as dangerous as any growl, "Men were deceivers ever."

With Hannibal bared to him, Will does not hesitate in looking. He drinks deeply, letting his eyes linger on skin Hannibal had ever kept buttoned up in shirts. His eyes rest for moments where they are drawn, alighting on broad shoulders, the join of neck to collar, the dark hair that draws a line down where Will allows his eyes to settle longest. One incisor peeks just so over his bottom lip, hungry and easy, and after a moment, Hannibal can guess at what the boy truly wants.

He will tell himself he does not, however. He will take the road of power. Will reaches to touch at last, closing the distance, his hardness unwavering and wet in the low light. He strokes his fingers against Hannibal's throat as the other sits on the edge of the bed, as if he might demand it again. Adventurous, the tips of them trail down the thick muscle protecting carotid, pressing until Hannibal feels the first signs of dizziness and then relenting.

His nails find purchase against one nipple in a slow scrape, enough to raise the flesh beneath the faint sting, before he trails onward, following the bisecting line over the flesh of Hannibal's belly, as if fully intent on claiming even the terminating orifice of his belly button as Will's own.

"On your knees, or on your back, Hannibal? If I offered you a choice."

"If." Hannibal repeats, tone low and flat, he doesn't respond beyond how his body does, involuntary shivers and arches against the hands there.

He wants Will lower. Wants his hands grasping and twisting, wants to feel Will respond to him just as much.

Later.

"I doubt you do intimacy, Will, it would be above you." A non-answer to a non-question. Backhanded compliment.

"Intimacy is weakness," Will agrees, and shoves Hannibal backward, atop the now unmade guest bed. "But I would hardly miss what your eyes have to say about what I'm going to do to you, Hannibal."

Will settles his hand on Hannibal's belly, pats once as one might an obedient dog to suggest it stay, and half turns from his position between the man's knees, his own feet still on the floor. He yanks the lower drawer of the nightstand open, where Hannibal had perhaps investigated or perhaps politely avoided. From within he retrieves the tin of vaseline, which he tosses gracelessly onto Hannibal's belly, watching him.

The arch of his eyebrows speaks clearly to his expectations, until Hannibal retrieves the tin to pry it open, which Will rewards by finally reaching out to touch him, curling his fingers deftly - there is no inexperience in this, anyway - around Hannibal's cock to stroke him fully hard.

"Will I see anger, or only desire and relief? Or will you surprise me again," he muses, before instructing needlessly, "Get yourself ready."

Hannibal keeps the sound he makes soft, but it feels like a very worthy beginning to repaying the patience he's put into this. At least in this, Will doesn't deny him. His hand is sure and quick and feels almost too good, if Hannibal was prepared to lose himself before this was even started.

The last command is met with a brief raising of his eyes to the ceiling, the best mask of an eye roll he can manage in this situation. The boy is confident, overconfident, in his abilities,

in his skills and his finesse. Someone used to power, used to obedience.

In that, his father can certainly be proud of him.

Hannibal does move to obey, though, slowly. Slicking his fingers and pressing gently in. It's familiar enough, though not something Hannibal frequently does anymore. He's had practice enough. He wonders, briefly, if Will has. With this. Not with the dominant, cocky commanding. Wonders if the boy has ever lost himself with his fingers buried deep, teeth pressing against the sheets to keep his sounds quiet.

The thought sends hot pleasure up Hannibal's spine and he licks his lips, eyes on Will again.

He finds that Will's eyes are on him with just as much intensity, that the boy matches his pace to Hannibal's; slow, long strokes at first that grow shallow and speedier as Hannibal stretches himself to readiness.

Will watches him as if the result of every secret he had shared lived in Hannibal's eyes, his own intense and revealing much with his focus so devoted to trying to steal truths from Hannibal. It is not Hannibal's body against his will that he wants so much as the truth of him, to force something genuine to unmask itself on his expression, revealing slowly as a showgirl did skin.

His hungriness does not hide itself while he looks so hard, and Hannibal suspects he has toyed with at least the idea of this, allowed the desire to touch him when he was alone and quiet, buried and locked hidden in his room with no one to see, allowed the visions to dwell in his mind where no one might stumble upon them. They were safe there, internal, and yet here Hannibal can see them and gives nothing but what he wishes to present.

Will is quickly satisfied that Hannibal is ready, perhaps faster than Hannibal himself would be. He catches Hannibal at the wrist and pulls his hand away, guides it to his own length for the sparsity of slickness that remains on Hannibal's fingers, and closes both their hands about his cock with a groan, a gasp. He does not stroke so much as thrust into their joined grip, settling himself for only that much sloppy application before he pushes Hannibal's hand away and leaves his own to guide.

One hand hooks beneath Hannibal's knee to lift it skyward, not quite over Will's shoulder but enough to leave Hannibal open and lift his hips into it. He seeks, gains entrance, and pushes without holding back the fluttering noise his voice makes in pleasure. It sounds tight in his chest, and his grip quickly slips to the disheveled coverlet, where he curls fingers tight before he finds the terminus of the motion, one quick slide, determined, unrelenting.

It is only the sudden prickle of Hannibal's nails in the soft skin just under his ass that keeps him from moving immediately, warning, holding with a steely grip. Will's breath trickles out of him and turns to a chuckle, his eyes opening again after the initial delicious sensations washed over him, meeting Hannibal's from under heavy lids.

"Too much?" he asks, and then the smile curves on his features at something he perceives. "You want more, Hannibal. I can read it right there."

He lifts one hand from the covers to touch the corner of Hannibal's eye, smoothing the lines from skin, the other stays tightly gripped in the blanket, anchoring.

"Do you ever tire of hearing yourself speak. Will?" Hannibal asks, though the harshness of his words is lost, somewhat, in the breathlessness with which he says them.

It's tight, and not painful so much as just genuinely uncomfortable. And he knows Will knows that. The young man shifts a little, just enough, and Hannibal's lips draw back in a snarl, though his brows furrow in pleasure.

Here, he will not be able to hide from Will as easily as he has previously been able. Pleasure is like pain, in that it renders everyone vulnerable in its wake.

"Rarely," Will answers, in the quiet, his voice a painting of breath and gratification. He refuses to go completely still, even with the warning of Hannibal's nails drawing tighter in his skin, making small surges until Hannibal's body has little choice but to relent for him - it isn't rough but persistent, unyielding.

Hannibal may not be as considerate, when he returns this payout and the accordant interest.

"Are you telling me to shut up?" Will asks, smiling into the words, his mouth a twist of amusement around his teeth. "How quickly you forget your manners when you get what you want."

Hannibal smiles his answer - Will has only just begun to know the truth of that.

"How confident you are that I have." he returns, and then allows his voice to be otherwise occupied, for the time.

Will is a very selfish lover, quick to take and enjoy himself. The effort is made, though Hannibal has to wonder if it's genuinely aimed or simply there by proxy, for the pleasure of the other party but ultimately it's a show of the young man's prowess and power.

And he looks beautiful exhibiting it. Hair messy and lips parted, eyes so dark the blue turns gray turns charcoal-dark in his pleasure.

He ducks his head, bends his body further over Hannibal to draw his teeth over the skin of his chest, snagging deliberately over one nipple, then the other, biting down and tugging until he draws another sound from Hannibal and devours it as a victory.

Hannibal, in turn, allows his hands to move over the warm skin, feel the muscles pull taut in effort and exertion, draw Will closer when he's so far gone with his own pleasure he allows it.

It's far from intimate, but Will gets what he wants: Hannibal's eyes never leave him.

They trace the line of his open mouth, the corded muscle in his neck that shifts through connection all the way down into his arms. Hannibal memorizes the angles of him, arrayed long in curving lines held over his own body. He finds where the boy is softest, parts of him still young, and watches him slowly come apart.

The change is worth the endurance of indignity.

Will's eyes close, his mouth drops open, pink, waiting - a promise that he'd never gotten from Hannibal's own. His breath expands his chest, his fingers grip tighter at the sheets and the line of release seems to travel first in tautness down his shoulders, through his back to the last stuttering thrusts of his hips before instinct locks them pushed deep. Relaxation follows more slowly, languid, slow, seeming to translate first from his fingers uncurling from their tight clench in the sheets and through his elbows, through the soft sighing of his own breath when he remembers to draw it again.

Only then does he seem to remember Hannibal, and his mouth quirks, amused to find the other still watching when he cracks his eyes open, and without removing himself he reaches down, grips Hannibal's length hard, merciless, and strokes him fast, the tilt of his chin a counting coup, a smug victory that he had taken his own release and now would bestow one on Hannibal, as much kindness as could be expected.

His eyes don't leave Hannibal's, though the curl of his lip becomes almost contemptuous.

"Cum, before I lose patience and leave you," he commands, as if he had power over even that.

Hannibal supposes the command would be far easier to follow if the rest of the time, and effort, had been spent on getting him close to this.

But he can thank his body for its responses, even though his mind has wandered, and Hannibal tilts his head back with a sigh, muscles tensing at the harsh but very welcome onslaught of pleasure, and cums, seemingly at Will’s words.

Obedient.

A soft noise, more tired than enamored, leaves him and he brings a hand to press against his eyes, mouth slack to breathe and slow his heart rate. He can feel Will above him still, hisses softly when the other finally pulls free of his body, and drops his hand behind his head to watch him, now flushed and pleased, stretch his long body in the bare light of the room.

It’s almost laughable to Hannibal to consider thanking him, but he does watch and take in his fill of what’s presented, and imagines the alternative way this evening could have gone.

Strike one, he allows to himself, but he is not sure how many strikes he will count before he's had his entire fill, before the plans slowly germinating in his mind will flower and fruit. He resolves to be as patient with his revenge as William had ordered him to be with his pleasure.

When he opens his eyes again, the spaces behind his lids filled with visions of twisting muscles and skin made taut with wanting, William has vanished - but not far. He can hear the water running in the bathroom, and though Will emerges scrubbed clean and pink over the face, and places more intimate, he does not pass Hannibal a used cloth.

Instead, Will presses his hands down to the covers, to indicate they should stay where they lie, and cleans Hannibal's body in what is almost a worship, sated to laxity with his release.

Another revelation in the truth of Will's nature, despite what the games of power have turned him into. His touch is gentle, save where roughness is required to clean the worst of the mess from Hannibal's skin.

If he drops the cloth to the floor where it will grow cold and leave a disgusting wet mark for him to step in if he doesn't mind himself in the morning, Hannibal supposes he can forgive it for the quiet pleasure in Will's eyes at his conquest, for the certainty that he has made one.

Will settles on the bed next to him.

"Will you reconsider when next my father treats you as a babysitter, Hannibal?" he asks, haughty, needling, though there is no true intent in it - he is too lazy with his own fulfillment.

“Will I have the chance to consider anything at all?” Hannibal muses in reply.

He can feel Will warm next to him but doesn’t shift or adjust to bring that warmth closer, it would be an intimacy that has no place in this situation. Though the change in Will, subtle as it is, is oddly endearing.

Before he speaks.

Instead, Hannibal rests back, pulls the covers against them both for comfort and drops an arm over his eyes again. He knows Will won’t be there in the morning, far from the obvious reasons of his father’s return, he doubts he spends that much time with a conquest.

It’s not a major loss, Hannibal also doubts he will have to wait long before Will attempts to assert himself again. His lips quirk in a pleased smile and he lets his breathing settle.

He counts three measures of ten, before Will settles against his side in a clear swath of warmth, of skin bare against each other and fingers wandering in a sudden rush of placid energy. They touch drum beats against his rising chest, the boy hums a bar of Don Giovanni's unrepentant rebuttal to the ghost of the commentadore.

Hannibal counts nearly fifty before Will slips out of his bed again, his breathing having slowed to within the dangerous orbit of sleep, and the threat they would both do so deeply as to risk discovery.

There is a rustle as Will gathers his clothing, and then the hesitation of dim light from the doorway, before the other leaves Hannibal to thoughts and sleep.

End Notes

-References to Don Giovanni again, and for those of you who know me (cognomen) you realize this is sort of a running theme for which I apologize. I wanted to use Tosca, but with Will's 'Dad Thing' in this story DG was more appropriate.

-Title from the Andy Kirk/Fats Waller song popular in the 30's, continuing the trend from Nice Work If You Can Get It, albeit rather shamelessly.

-Will is a gigantic shit in this. I know. I'm sorry but unrepentant. This is mostly my (cognomen again) fault. I figure in this universe he has empathy, but uses it for darker purposes I.E. justification of killing others when they're 'suffering' or unworthy. I doubt this will make it into the final format of the story because it's unimportant to the further ~~smut~~ plot.

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